

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FOR THE OPPRESSED.

These lines were composed by a friend of humanity, (now residing in Michigan,) whose self-sacrving seal on behalf of the "oppressed," has often won for her the ridicule of the thoughtless writers of their oppressors. But it has also won for her "a price of merit," which they may well covet, though they cannot enjoy.—E.

Others may sing of vanquished foes,
And boast the fame their valor won,
While I lament the red man's woes,
And weep with injured Afric's son.

Tea, palish be my hand and tongue,
Forsoak my heart its dearest joys,
When I forget the red man's woes
Or cease to pluck the nigra's cause.

A blood-stained robe? I may not wear,
Nor riot in Oppression's gain;

Nor squash the bough, though rich and rare,
While they sit bitter drags must drain.

Life up your heads, ye long oppressed,
Nor longer hopeless deem your lot;

There are who feel for the distressed,
Though cruel tyrants heed them not.

There are whose hearts are warm with love,
With love which tyrants can't control;

Kindred to that which dwells above,

But deigns to bless the humbler soul.

This love is not confined to earth—
Nor bounded by a stable cage—

The oasis in Nature's waste,
For you its fruits are ripening now.

Then, though it seems to tarry long,
Ain't so dark beneath your load;

Love's potent arm is ever strong—

It's mighty through the living God!

Let patience have its perfect work,
And every hand shall be unloosed;

Yours necks no longer bear the yoke,

Which long your innocent spirits bruised.

A. B.

A garment made of cotton, produced by slave labor.

From the Democratic Review.

HAMPTON BACH.

BY J. G. WHITNEY.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Whose miles away,

Lies stretching to my dazzled sight

A luminous belt, a misty light,

Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy grey.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!

Against its ground

Or silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,

With a picture, clear and free,

With varying outlaid marks, coast for mile around.

On—on we tread, with loose-drag reins,

Our seaward way,

Through dark bluffs and blossoming grain,

Where the wild briar-snow skirts the lane,

And bends above our heads the flowing locust spray.

Hi! like a kind hand on my brow

Comes this fresh breeze,

Cooling its dull and feverish glow,

While through my being seems to flow

The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound

Heats full heat set.

In the great waters, which have bound

Hi! granite angles greenly round [wet,

With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray.

Good-by to pain and care! I take

Mine easy to-day;

Here where these sunny waters break,

And ripples this keen breeze, I shake

All bards from the heart, all weary thoughts a-way.

I draw a freer breath—I seem

Like a sun—

—the white-winged gleam

Of sea-birds in the shanty-ban-

And far-off calls which fit below the south wind freight.

So when Time's veil shall fall, assunder,

The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,

Nor sink the weight of misery under,

But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now, may seem

No new revealing;

Familiar as our childhood's stream,

Or pleasant memory of a dream,

The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the mirthed light

May have its dawning;

And, as in summer's northern night

The evening and the dawn unite,

[ing.] The sunless hues of Time blend with the soul's new morn.

I sit alone: in foam and spray,

Wave after wave

Breaks on the rocks which, stern and grey,

Beneath like fallen Titans lay, [cave,

Or marmors house and strong through mossy cleft and

What heed of the dusty land,

And noisy town?

I see the mighty deep expand

From its white line of glistening sand,

And with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look—In a dreamer—wave and shore

The night-wind walks—lie;

To when my native hill-ock once more,

Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sun—

So, then, beach, bluff, sand, wave, farewell!

I hear with me

No stone token glittering shell,

But hour and oft shall Memory tell

Of this brief thoughful hour of musing by the sea.

AMSAUS, 7th, 10th, 1843

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY WOODHORN, THE STOCKING WEAVER.

Sweet blue-ribbed cherub! is my pray for thee;

I have not said for beauty, yet thou'rt fair;

And as for wealth—thou is poor;

My Heavens protect thee from the sultain's snare,

And give thee virtue and a prudent mind;

Long may the rose and dimple wear,

With breath as sweet as the vernal wind.

Oh, may to the hues of the rose,

Not be thou Fortune's storm or sun;

And let me thine to thine friend propitiate kind.

Which will not fail to lift the soul on high.

My cherub! if enough of these be given,

Then and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.

"All our readers may not know that an English shill-

ling is about twenty-five cents."

Miscellany.

From Graham's Magazine for August.

THE POST-OFFICE.

BY MRS. SEWICK.

(Concluded.)

But our readers are not yet acquainted with all

the reasons of poor Rosy's eagerness for a letter. It

was not only that she might know her brother's fate,

but she had been, by her last despatch from Den-

ton, told the Master of her husband's death.

God, and Dennis said, "The poor young man is dead."

"God forgive him for writing the same!"

before Thomas salled, "Dennis—should go out in

the ship O'Mores post office."

There were a few papers of the best

order, and any number of Atlases, Transcripts,

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